

THE WORLD.

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THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD for the week ending Saturday, March 31, was as follows:
MONDAY.....100,600
TUESDAY.....106,500
WEDNESDAY.....105,640
THURSDAY.....102,800
FRIDAY.....106,760
SATURDAY.....106,880
Average for the Entire Month of March.....106,291

WOMEN INSPECTORS.
The Central Labor Union showed its magnanimity by giving a hearty indorsement to the efforts of the Workingwomen's Society to secure an amendment to the law providing for six women inspectors of factories.
A bill to this effect is to be submitted to the Legislature, and it should have unanimous approval. There are needs among the army of girls and women employed in factories which only a member of their own sex could discover. A keen-eyed, warm-hearted, intelligent woman's inspection is needed in these places for the safety, the comfort and the moral and physical welfare of the female operatives.
As long as women are compelled to work in factories they are entitled to the utmost protection.

A DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.
Dr. McGILVER approaches a danger line when he teaches his followers that a starving man has the right to take a loaf of bread by force or stealth, "if necessary."
There is much virtue in an inf. The right of life is paramount to that of property, when it comes to the starving point. But the danger consists in the fact that many men would rather steal or beg than work; and finding themselves without food from either resource, might act upon the reverend Doctor's license in a manner wholly different from what he intended.
Besides, the District-Attorney's office is just now sorely in need of some "vindictiveness." And if a poor, hungry devil should steal a loaf of bread it might go hard with him.

GHOSTS.
Some of the phenomena of "Spiritualism," so-called, are of a character to challenge the thoughtful consideration of those who, unlike Tronka and most busy and well-balanced men, are not satisfied with "one world at a time."
But the trick-performing, money-grabbing, credulity-insulting performances of charlatans in the "medium business" are quite another thing. The alleged "spirit paintings" and the gibberish that purports to come from the shades of great men in the other world are enough to make rational people echo Emerson's tremendous sneer: "These things make us wish for a more effectual suicide!"
Why is it that a proportion of mankind dearly love to be humbugged?

SHADE OF THACKERAY.
There is a blizzard in a punch-bowl at Louisville over the performances of a rich contractor and ward politician in the hitherto exclusive "Pendennis Club."
The obnoxious member's strong points are his money and his "influence," but it is charged that he "lacks breeding and cannot read or write."
And this is the "Pendennis Club!" Shades of Thackeray and of the grandest gentleman in fiction, Col. Newcombe, fancy such an element in a club bearing the name of "Pen!"
The literary and well-bred coteries in Louisville have certainly had hard luck.

The burning of Congressman Phelps's house at Hackensack will cause a feeling of regret in the minds of many who do not personally know its owner and have never seen the residence. The destruction of a home is always a sad event—there are so many things that can never be replaced. To Mr. Phelps's home there were attached historic associations, and its picturesque appearance and valuable contents make its destruction a real loss to New Jersey.

When it comes to sporting news THE EVENING WORLD is always a sure winner. Its triumph of last season was repeated on Saturday, when THE EVENING WORLD was on the street with the result of the game between the New Yorks and the Jaspers, and selling in front of the Evening Sun office nine minutes before that boastful laggard made its appearance.

Why should JACOB SHARP object to being tried in a city that he claims to have benefited so greatly and which last fall voted to temper the prosecution of public thieves and bribers with a big dose of the "milk of human kindness?"

Nature indulged in an April fool trick yesterday—sending a rain and hail storm after a morning of sunshine.

The Most Interesting.
(From *Harper's*.)
Reporter—Senator, what has been the most interesting period of your life?
Senator Edmunds—The glacial period.

ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Local Agent Craig, of the B. & O., is a favorite with dramatic people.
Charles Rowley, of Spalding's, could write a book on what he knows about guns. He is, besides, one of the best shots in the city.
Prof. Fred Lubin, of Clarendon Hall, if he were so disposed, could tell a good deal about "split" paintings. At one time in his younger days he was famous as a medium.

BUDDS FROM JERSEY CITY.

City Marshal Long is preparing for his busiest season—the election.
Senator Edwards is the most boyish-looking of Hudson County's representatives at Trenton.
Clerk Westervelt, of the Board of Education, is one of the most proficient organizers in the city.
Mr. William T. Evans is an art enthusiast and has one of the finest private collections in Jersey City.
Cornelius Zabarski, the well-known banker, is the largest stockholder of the Union Ferry Company of Brooklyn.
Mike O'Donnell, the popular clerk of the Court of Sessions, will abandon court duties for others. He has been appointed Assistant Postmaster.
Peter Henderson, the seedman, converts a large section of the hill into a sower garden in the spring. The grounds about his house are the finest in Jersey City.

HEARD AT THE CITY HALL.

The following bits of conversation were overheard at the City Hall:
"James G. Blaine has Bright's disease and cannot live much longer."
"There goes the little fellow who holds the flag and pumps the water."
"The Aldermen are receiving tickets for the early picnic."
"When a crowd of New York Aldermen arrive in Albany the bartenders have to postpone their night off."
"Whose turn is it to work the growler to-day?" asked one of the City Hall reporters.
"It is my turn," replied a young scribe, and he started on his journey to interview Mayor Hewitt.
"I hear that Police Commissioner John R. Voorhis is to succeed Gen. Newton as Commissioner of Public Works."
"Ex-Senator Daggett says he is out of politics, but wishes it to be understood that he has not reformed."
"If Police Justices were elected there would not be one of the present Justices who would have a chance of holding office."
"They are talking of having a torch-light procession in Harlem because the dog pound has been moved up there."
"Dr. Isaac Robinson, of the Board of Assessors, says that swelled head is a disease familiar to politicians who secure a big office."
"Nowadays conventions are only ratification meetings. They meet to ratify nominations made beforehand by the bosses."
"He was an Assemblyman and now he is broke."
"Of course; you see he only served one term. You have to be re-elected to be taken in."
"Don't they 'take you in' the first time?"
"Yes; but the second 'take you in' is different from the first 'take you in.'"



[From *Judge*.]
Miss Giddy (at a progressive church party)—Just look at me, Mr. Lavisher, with this horrid foot! Look at my boots! I know I look like a fright, but Mr. Lavisher (never lost for a compliment)—Oh, not at all! It's very becoming. Just suit your style to beauty.

WORLDINGS.

Senator Reagan has held public office for fifty years, his first appointment being to the position of surveyor of public lands in Texas, along towards the end of the thirties.
One of the old-timers in political life is Senator James G. Harris, who was Tennessee's war Governor. He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1849. He has been in the Senate continuously since 1877.

A Kimball (Dak.) Justice of the Peace has made the announcement that during leap year he will charge no fee for marrying couples who will admit that the match was brought about by the lady's exerting her leap-year prerogatives.
One of the most successful of orchid growers is a young New Jersey woman, who, finding herself in straitened circumstances a few years ago, began horticulture in a small way on a little piece of pine land. Now she has taken her younger sisters into partnership and is doing a big business.

Prof. David Swing, the celebrated Chicago divine, is a diligent student. He rises before 6 o'clock each morning and rarely retires before 12 at night. His hard work is done in the forenoon. The Professor is fond of clocks, and his collection is second only to that of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

Capt. Ike Shultz, an old-time volunteer fireman, who is now dying in Louisville, was at one time regarded as one of the most perfectly formed men in the country. He was also considered the finest runner in the United States, and could test any man in a 100-yard dash with ease. During his career he has run many races and was defeated but once, and that was in New Orleans.
A two-story wooden building in Savannah that was erected by the members of Solomon's Lodge in 1799, and was used by the Masonic fraternity until 1898, is now being torn down to make room for a handsome structure. Many a noted Georgian has been initiated into Masonry within its walls, and it was there, in 1850, that Gen. Lopez, the Cuban patriot, who was soon after garrotted in Havana, was made a Mason.

Put Yourself in His Place.
(From *Harper's*.)
Envious young man (speaking of favored rival)—Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominably conceited.
Sharp young lady—Cut, Mr. Dumley, if he were handsome and clever would not you be conceited? (A few women's giggles, followed by total collapse of Dumley.)

We Are Always in Front.
(From *the World* of April 1.)
THE EVENING WORLD, faithful to its promise to serve the public with the news of the day in advance of all contemporaries, scored another triumph yesterday. A full and able report of the first baseball game of the season at the Polo Grounds appeared in a baseball extra, which was for sale on the doorsteps of the alleged live afternoon paper before that journal had started its press. THE EVENING WORLD can be relied upon to give the people the news first.

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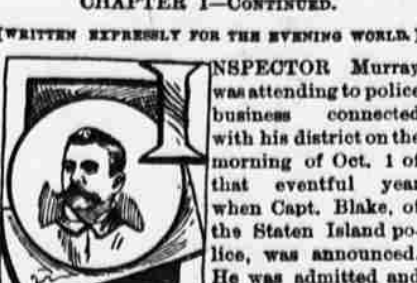
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A BEAUTIFUL VICTIM;

OR,
New York in the Seventies.
From the Detective Diary of
Supt. William Murray,
of the Metropolitan Police.
CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.
(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)



INSPECTOR Murray was attending to police business connected with his district on the morning of Oct. 1 of that eventful year when Capt. Blake, of the Staten Island police, was announced. He was admitted and when seated he laid before the New York Inspector an anonymous letter he had received. He gave a graphic story of finding the mutilated body of a female in a barrel which was sunk in Silver Lake, but nowhere was there a mark of identity. The anonymous letter merely said:

"The body found in the barrel is that of Sarah Victoria Connors, who died under peculiar circumstances."



In a little cottage by the roadside sits an old man and his two daughters. Laura, the younger, sits by the fire reading a book, while Jennie, the elder, darning some stockings for her father. Farther down the road is another cottage in which dwells Jennie's lover.
On the morrow Jennie and Fred meet on the road, and as they walk together, Jennie tells him of the one who is lurking near, hearing all that is going on. Jennie and Fred walk to the cottage while the one who is lurking near follows them.

In the cottage lies Jennie dying with the fever, while the old man is mourning for the loss of his daughter Laura, who has run away with Fred.

On a steamship bound for the city are two people: one is sickly while the other is as bright as ever. They sail two or three days more when the sickly one gets worse and dies. Then Laura is mourning for the loss of Fred, and as soon as she lands she gets a ticket to go back again and ask forgiveness from her sister and her father.

Laura is now kneeling before her father, who has told her to leave his house, for she has brought her sister to her grave, who mourned and fretted at the loss of her lover. Laura begs her father not to turn her out into the storm, but he is stern and tells her to go. She goes and meets with an accident and is taken to the hospital, and there she suffers a few days before she dies.

This is Laura's folly. She parts two lovers and kills them both, and at the end repents and dies.

CAPT. DAVE WEBBER TELLS A STORY.
The Ingenious Manner in which a "Longshoreman Tapped a Cask."

Capt. Dave Webber is quite a well-known man along the water front. He is about seventy years old and has—figuratively speaking—lived on the New York wharves all his life.

"Yes," said he to a group of friends in a Grand street saloon the other day, "I guess that I know what it is to be a wharf rat, longshoreman and junk dealer as well as the next man, for that is my history. I have been a wharf rat since I was a boy, and I have been a longshoreman and junk dealer since I was a man. I did odd jobs along shore; and now in my old age I run a South street junk shop."

"The tricks of the longshoremen are many and clever. I'll tell you a young fellow once told me the smartest of their tricks. Some years ago—six I think—I was watching on an East River pier where the ships from the West Indies landed. There were a great many cases of Jamaica rum on the wharf and I used to get complaints from the consignees that the casks were in some cases but three-quarters full. Some one had been tampering with them, and the consignees did not look as if they had been opened.

"I was told to keep a sharp lookout, and I did. One rainy day there were eight or ten longshoremen loitering about the wharf, and I was eyeing the casks of rum. I suspected that the boys were up to something and, unbeknown to them, I slipped behind a hoghead at the end of the wharf."

"The boys were talking in groups, but three of them came down my way and began operations on a cask. Two of the men kept talking so as to divert suspicion, but the third was a good fellow. He had a gimlet, a cask and a mallet. With the mallet he gently knocked down two of the hoops. This spread the staves a little. Then he bored a hole between two staves, inserted a straw, drew a whiff at it, and then the rum flowed freely into the can."

"When it was filled the fellow plugged up the hole and hammered on the hoops, and if I had not caught him on the wharf and taken the rum, he would have had a good drink for nothing."

"I had the three I caught discharged, and after that I kept a sharp lookout, and I have never had more complaints from the consignees."

Connors was engaged, and after a long and bitter struggle he was thrown into bankruptcy. This was followed almost immediately by the news of a great battle in which both of the brothers were slain.

MR. AND MRS. CONNORS and their four children left Philadelphia and took up their residence in Brooklyn. Here business reverses followed and the family were reduced to the verge of starvation. Then the husband and father was attacked by heavy consumption and died. Mrs. Connors sought a home among the Shakers at Lebanon, but left in disgust in two months and made Albany her home. She placed the three eldest children, including Vicky, in the State Orphan Asylum and came to this city with her babe, and took simple quarters in East Twenty-sixth street. But fate was relentless in its persecutions, and Mrs. Connors was stricken ill and was unable longer to play her needle in support of herself and child. Then she took Vicky from the asylum and made her a helpmeet in keeping up their little home.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

LAURA'S FOLLY.

To the Editor of the Evening World: I am a reader of THE EVENING WORLD, and I try my luck at writing a story, hoping you will publish in your paper. I am thirteen years old, and I live at 114 East 12th street.

In a little cottage by the roadside sits an old man and his two daughters. Laura, the younger, sits by the fire reading a book, while Jennie, the elder, darning some stockings for her father. Farther down the road is another cottage in which dwells Jennie's lover.

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A SEVERE TEST.
(From *Harper's*.)
Stranger—What are your views on the Prohibition question, Mr. Hayseed?
Farmer (emphatically)—I'm with it, heart and soul.
Stranger—Glad that you suppose, then, you would support the Prohibition party?
Farmer (dubiously)—Ah, see here, stranger, don't you think that's putting it a little bit too strong?

HEARTY APPROVAL BY ALL.

KNOWLEDGE BROUGHT A STEP NEARER TO THOSE NOW SHUT OUT.

Gratification Over the Fact That the Assembly Has Ordered the Free Lecture Bill to a Third Reading—Young Workmen Who Are Fond of Scientific Studies, But Are Unable to Pursue Them.

The news from Albany in regard to THE EVENING WORLD Free Lecture bill is a source of gratification to all interested in the subject of public education. As is shown by the interviews procured by THE EVENING WORLD reporters, there are many intelligent young workmen who have a strong desire to study scientific subjects, and who are unable to do so because of the want of facilities at present.

The fact that the Assembly has ordered the bill to a third reading brings knowledge one step nearer to all such.

Following are interviews with people in every station in life:

John Finn, florist, Sixty-seventh street and Second avenue, says that THE EVENING WORLD's Lecture bill is an excellent thing, and that a lecture on botany especially, would enlighten many people who have flowers and do not understand the care of them.

Lewis M. Dennett, a Third avenue clothier, said: "The Lecture bill is a most excellent idea—just what the people want."

William Marr, the artist, of 10 East Fourteenth street, said: "I regard the Free Lecture bill most favorably. It is by far the best way of reaching the masses and giving the poor a liberal education."

The Rev. Dr. Amos W. Lyford said that the bill had his hearty approval. He hoped sincerely that it would become a law, and that a lecture on botany especially, would enlighten many people who have flowers and do not understand the care of them.

Peter Livechild, the Broadway jeweller, said: "My son is very fond of scientific subjects. He has always expressed a desire to attend lectures, but has been unsuccessful in his search for free ones. His case is only one of many. I think it would be the best thing if a Free Lecture bill were passed whereby the working people could learn the rudiments of science."

James E. Evans, who is employed in one of the large breweries uptown, is an enthusiastic advocate of the Free Lecture bill. He is fond of study, but cannot indulge this taste owing to lack of time in the day and lack of facilities at night.

FRANK VETTA, the basso, became interested when an EVENING WORLD reporter spoke of the Free Lecture bill. Mr. Vetta has travelled much and has seen the system of having schools for science exclusively in universal and teachers well up in what they teach are employed by the governments to lecture to the masses on scientific subjects. I think it would be the best thing that could happen should such a system be organized in this city."

Harry Waite, the advertising agent, said: "I am very much interested in the Free Lecture bill. I have heard much comment on THE EVENING WORLD's action regarding the free lectures. In all cases opinions have been in favor of it. I have not heard one unfavorable opinion."

WHENCE THE PAINT?
Specimen of a Spirit Landscape and Questions Suggested by It.

To the Editor of the Evening World: I have carefully read the account given in THE EVENING WORLD of the pictures made by spirits for Luther R. Marsh, and I observe that your reporter does not say whether the pictures were in the séance room or not at the time the pictures were produced. He does say that there is no mark of brushes on



LANDSCAPE BY GLASGOW SPIRITS. The canvas. I am not much concerned whether the likenesses are good or not; the question is, whether the thing is fact or fraud.

I enclose you a photograph—one of many—of a painting done at Glasgow under similar conditions as your reporter describes, but in addition to the medium being in the séance room, the pictures were produced by the medium for producing a painting were provided, including paints and brushes. The painting was done in the dark, in oil colors, the time occupied being a few seconds.

The question is, who painted the picture? Was it the medium, David Duguid, or the spirit of Jan Stein?

If the medium is not the person, who does the work who does it? And if the spirits do not, in the case of Mr. Marsh, use brushes, who supplies the paint?

I care not which way it is, only let us have the facts. Yours truly, I. K. KNOWLES, 333 Third avenue.

The Noise Should Be Stopped.
To the Editor of the Evening World: Will you allow a constant reader of your valuable paper a little space to express his disgust and contempt for the loafers that congregate in West Thirty-second street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, nightly, and by their acts and insults make themselves obnoxious to passers-by? Between the above-named avenues young men and young girls congregate around the doorways and dance and sing, now and then accompanied by the strains of a harmonica, disturbing the quietude of the humble homes of the poor workmen. "One of the finest" is seldom seen in this neighborhood, but to his credit it may be said that his presence for the time being acts like a soothing syringe, and for a short time stops the noise. Would it not be well for a detective to make his appearance shortly after the policeman, and if necessary make an arrest, thereby proving to the night-hawks that they must keep within the bounds of propriety?

Farmers and the Half Holiday.
(From *the Morning's World*.)
The money-power is relying upon what it calls the "granger vote"—the representatives of farming communities—to secure the repeal or modification of the Saturday half holiday.

It is natural that farmers, who in the busy time of the year work longer and harder than any other class, should, at first thought, object to giving other tellers a holiday. But when they are told that the law is a good one, and that it is a good thing for the farmers to have a day off, they are more likely to be satisfied. The law is a good one, and it is a good thing for the farmers to have a day off.

The Right Color.
(From *the Morning's World*.)
Walter—Isn't that a splendid wine?
Guest—It has the flavor. The color pleases me very much.
Walter—I should smile. Maybe the host didn't have it getting it up to the color. He had to ransack all the drug stores in town.

Force of Habit.
(From *the Morning's World*.)
Park Policeman—Gilt off that grass dandel you, you!
Park Commissioner (facing about)—Report at the arsenal immediately, sir! Aren't you ashamed to use such language when in uniform?
Policeman—Yes, sir, I am. I should be ashamed if I knew I was you. I was only 'pointed yesterday. Been a keeper for three years in der Ward's Island lunatic asylum.

He Was Full of Life.
(From *Harper's*.)
"Your money or your life!" demanded a footpad of a pedestrian who, at late hour one night, was trudging his way along a dark and narrow street.
"I've more life than money," replied the pedestrian, and proceeded to demonstrate his possession of the former in such a manner that, an hour later, when the would-be robber gathered himself up from the dust, he felt of his body all over to assure himself that he was something more than a sack of old clothing.

BLOSSOMS FROM EASTER BONNETS.

Easter bonnets bloomed rather infrequently amid the vast throng that surged up and down both sides of "the avenue" yesterday, but in the crowded throngs one saw more of these seasonable vanities. A marked preference appeared for silver straw hats. They were seen trimmed with shaded blue ribbons and curly feathers.

A pretty gray straw English walking hat had on it a spray of pink apple blossoms and gray and silver lace.

A dark blue wide hat was trimmed with green leucanthemum flowers.

A black straw turban had a puff of dark green velvet and a wreath of starry blackberry blossoms. A dark green tulle hat was trimmed with red and yellow tulle.

A green bronze straw bonnet had little clusters of shades of blue, pink, brown and cream bows. A gold-colored straw was trimmed with shades of copper ribbons.

Dark brown hats were trimmed with pink and green. Dark blue straws had trimmings of shaded blues, yellow and silver.

A light brown or ecru turban had a twist of darker velvet and a big bow in front with a knot of violets and leaves.

A black turban had yellow jonquils. A pretty black lace bonnet was trimmed all around the face with dangling gold sequins.

Children's hats have wide rims and moderately high crowns. Many hats have long ribbon streamers behind.

A pretty, small leghorn bonnet was decorated with black plaited velvet ribbon, scarlet poppies and two dark green quills.

Violets trim many hats and bonnets. Very small crushed roses are in great favor.

TO CATCH THE FLEETING NOTE.
A New Instrument to Record Improvisations on the Piano.

Beneath the key-board of an upright piano in Pond's is a queer, box-like contrivance. It seemed so out of place to the eye of an EVENING WORLD reporter who noticed it yesterday that he inquired its use.

"That is an automatic musical recording attachment," he was told. "For a great many years inventors have been at work attempting to perfect an attachment for the piano which would record improvisations. For a longer time composers and amateur musicians have desired such a machine to capture the hundreds of beautiful melodies, phrases and themes which are the inspiration of the moment and are forever lost with the inspiration. For the lack of such an attachment some of the most beautiful creations of the master minds in music have set the air vibrating but once."

"Inventions of this character have succeeded in a measure, but all have been more or less faulty in the matter of complication and liability to get out of order. It is an easy matter to get a record of a piece of music, but it is not so easy to get a record of a piece of music which is in the mind of the composer at the moment of its inspiration. I have tested it and it records faithfully every detail of note-value, time and key."

The attachment is a compact arrangement fixed directly beneath the key-board of the instrument and consists of a series of pencils, which work automatically upon a roll of paper moved by clock-work. There is a pencil for each key of the instrument.

The paper is ruled longitudinally, the pencils playing in the spaces. The black notes are represented on the paper by the cross-ruled of the spaces corresponding thereto.

In the humor for improvisation the musician sits down to his instrument and touches a spring which starts the clock-work and sets his recording machine in motion. Every note that is his pleasure to strike on the piano is accurately recorded on pencilled lines on the roll. The length of the lines determine the relative value of the notes.

Of course, the music recorded is not written in musical characters, but it is an easy matter for a trained musician to translate it into regulation musical manuscript. In fact, it is said to be easier to read than many hand-written musical compositions.

The inventor of this wonderful work of mechanical genius is Bruno Greiner, a German musician who has for many years been at work upon the problem how to make musical composition easy.

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.
LANDSCAPE BY GLASGOW SPIRITS. The canvas. I am not much concerned whether the likenesses are good or not; the question is, whether the thing is fact or fraud.

I enclose you a photograph—one of many—of a painting done at Glasgow under similar conditions as your reporter describes, but in addition to the medium being in the séance room, the pictures were produced by the medium for producing a painting were provided, including paints